

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Couper.*



THE REFUGEES.

1776.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY FRANCES BROWNE.

CHAPTER XV.—A DANGEROUS TRUST.

THE year that came was a trying one for the most flourishing province and city of New England, while tea-laden ships that chanced to get the news within sight of American ports, turned quickly homeward, to avoid a sacrifice of their cargo similar to that

made in Boston Harbour. Swift sailing packets brought tidings of wrath and vengeance from the old country. As not a single man of the tea-destroying company could be caught, the British Government determined—perhaps it was natural for a government in such circumstances—to make an example of the rebellious town and province. Did anybody ever find out how it is that bad measures can be got through parliaments so much more quickly than those that are wise and good? In hot

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haste they passed the Port Bill, and rescinded the provincial charter. The former closed the ports of Boston and Charlestown, and thus, at one blow, struck down a commerce which had been the growth of a hundred and fifty years, and was known to send out annually a thousand ships. By the latter measure, all colonial rights were abolished, all public officers dispossessed, and their places filled by men of royal appointment. Nevertheless, Massachusetts kept a good grip of her charter; it was not to be set aside by a parliament sitting in Old St. Stephen's. England's blood rose up before England's face in her colonists, to prove them truly of the same kith and kin. Neither the courts, the town-councils, nor the people would tolerate the crown-appointed men. The old office-bearers might go out, but the new ones dare not come in, so business, law, and justice were brought to a standstill. However, the country people kept things lively in a different way. After the fashion of the Presbyterians of other days, they made a solemn league and covenant—it was not against Popery and prelacy this time, but the importation and use of British goods. The authorities denounced it by proclamations, which were put up in every market-place, and published abroad by criers; but the people tore down the placards, and chased the criers home. The land was preparing for more serious contingencies—every township had its company of volunteer militia; every village resounded with the sounds of fife and drum; popular sports and pastimes were neglected for military drill; and stores of arms and ammunition were said to be accumulated in secret places.

The capital presented a less excited but more singular aspect. General Gage was there in great power and perplexity, with five regiments encamped on the Common and quartered in the State House, and so many ships of war in the harbour that the town looked like a place invested by land and sea. Boston had always been a stronghold of Whigs, it was now become a refuge of Tories also. Finding it neither prudent nor pleasant to remain in districts where they were commonly called enemies of their country, all the royalists of mark crowded in beneath Gage's sheltering wings. The ladies gave spinning parties, an institution of the period in as high ton as our own five o'clock teas; and the gentlemen beset the general with inquiries and requests, suggestions and advices, till the luckless commander declared—it was to his private secretary—that Major Delamere was the only loyal subject in the province who was not the plague of his life!

There were greater evils in the city than those that vexed its military governor. The closing of Boston port had closed many an avenue of industry and earning against trading and working people, and brought distress into many a home. It was true that help came to them from most of the American towns and provinces—the Carolinas shared their rice, and Virginia and Maryland their maize, with the sufferers for the common cause—but much was left for private benevolence to do, and in some instances it was nobly done. Mrs. Stoughton—otherwise Friend Rachel—spent half her time inquiring into the wants of her poor neighbours, and sent Constance, Susanna, and Philip forth on errands of distributing charity. Delamere impoverished himself in relieving the necessity around him, and often employed his daughter's hand when he did not wish his own to be too much seen. "Never ask whether they are

Whigs or Tories, child," was his generous but unnecessary counsel; "it is not people's principles, but their need, we should think of in cases of this kind."

The squire was not improving his fortunes in Boston, but his military reputation had risen high enough to be the envy of many a provincial officer, for General Gage was fortifying Boston Neck, in order to have in his own hand the key of communication between the disloyal city and the mainland, and Delamere had been appointed to superintend an important part of the works. They consequently saw less of him than ever in Harbour Street; but he found time to tell Constance, under the seal of secrecy, one day, what General Gage had told him regarding Captain Vereux, namely, that the captain had arrived safe at New York, and been immediately despatched to England on an important mission, which allowed him no time to write to his friends at the Elms, but he was coming back with one of the regiments that were to bring the American provinces to their senses, and they should hear of him on the banks of the Connecticut.

Constance would rather have heard news of Sydney Archdale; but there was none to be had for many a day, till one evening, as they sat at supper, Jacob Stoughton said to his business partner, "Caleb, dost thou think there is any truth in a report which one told me this afternoon, that friend Archdale's son has got a colonel's commission from the Provincial Congress, and is raising a regiment of militia in his native valley?"

"It may be true, for I have heard the same report," and Caleb's face took the look of hard self-restraint it always assumed when a subject was disagreeable to him; "and to my mind it manifests much conceit in so young a man to take upon himself such an important office, not to speak of his thereby embroiling the country. Trust me, friend Jacob, he is one of those men whose headstrong forwardness will ruin the American cause."

"He is raising militia in the old home, and he has forgotten me," thought Constance; but she gave no sign of her thoughts by word or look.

"Father," said Susanna, while her pale cheeks flushed, and her soft eyes brightened, "there are men of age and wisdom in the Provincial Congress; dost thou think they would give any man a place of high command except they thought him fit for it?"

"Thou art right, my daughter; they would not," and Jacob smiled on her approvingly, while Caleb laid down his knife and fork and stared at her as if she had talked of the world coming to its end, then took up his weapons again without a word, and ate on with great determination.

Except that both were good and dutiful, there was no point of resemblance between those two girls without or within, and yet their young lives were crossed by the same unlucky line; each had fixed her first affections on a man every way worthy, but separated from her by impassable barriers, and each by her natural guardians was destined for another.

The dead-lock in all civil business kept the Stoughtons in Harbour Street many a month beyond the time fixed for their removal. They were anxious to go, as rumours of growing hostility between the people and the government thickened every day. An insurrection was apprehended by all parties, but few imagined it would extend farther than New England, though the Virginia House of Burgesses had ap-

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pointed a day of prayer and fasting for the closing of Boston Port, and a congress of delegates from all the American provinces were sitting with closed doors in Philadelphia. No such demonstrations of discontent had been made there as in the north, and the Quaker family hoped to find peace and safety in their native town. Partly by their earnest invitation, and partly because he saw no other arrangement suitable, Delamere agreed that his daughter, Hannah Armstrong, and Philip should go with them. It was hard to send Constance so far out of his sight, it was hard for Constance to leave her father so far behind, but all Delamere's relations had nearly as distant homes. The greater part of them had been estranged by his ultra-Toryism, and its consequences at the Elms. He might have to march anywhere with his regiment; and where could his daughter be so safe, so well cared for, and so much at home as with the kindly Jacob and Rachel and her young companion Susanna?

Though Stoughton was Archdale's friend, he would never encourage Sydney, and though bold enough among his Minute Men in Massachusetts, the young rebel would not dare to show his face among the law-obeying people of Pennsylvania. Besides, he could get leave of absence to see how things went. If the insurrection did burst out it would soon be quelled, then all the provinces should be put under better regulations, with military men to enforce them; and who knew that he might not come to Philadelphia with his regiment, and help to send the delegates about their business?

Jacob Stoughton's affairs were settled at last, and the family prepared to quit the dwelling they had occupied for so many years. The bulk of their goods and chattels was packed in wagons and sent forward in the charge of trusty men, well acquainted with the ways of the wild country through which the greater part of the route from Boston to Philadelphia lay. Their movables of more immediate necessity were to follow with themselves. The journey was a long one, but April days had come to make travelling pleasant. They intended to set out early, but circumstances incidental to the dismantling of a long-established home detained them till the afternoon of the 18th, when Jacob, thinking it imprudent to let the wagons get too far ahead, resolved to begin their travels and push on to Concord, where they would find a good inn at which to rest for the night.

There were no disturbing rumours from the country that day, and everything seemed quiet in the town. The Stoughtons' friends, all but Delamere, had called and taken leave of them with many a good wish and many a kind farewell; everybody was getting ready for departure, and so was Constance, when Philip, who had been out on some needful errands, stole to her room-door and whispered, "Miss Constance, as I came through Blackstone's Alley a gentleman standing close by the garden fence slipped this into my hand," Philip showed a half-dollar, "and said, 'Can you take a message to Miss Delamere, and let nobody hear it but herself?' 'It's my opinion I can, sir,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'tell her a friend of the two Archdales has something particular to say if she will come for a moment and speak with him over the fence here.'"

"What sort of a gentleman was he, Philip?" said Constance, wondering what this strange suggestion could mean.

"About as old as your father, miss, but not so

grand and handsome as the squire looks in his new uniform. He has a grave, good face, though; I shouldn't wonder if he was a minister," said the observant page.

Constance hesitated, but thinking that he must have something particular to say—it might be regarding Sydney—stepped out, and posting Philip at the back-door to watch and give signal of danger, she hastened to the appointed spot. The fence at that part, though substantial, was low, and looking over it was a face that Constance recognised at the first glance as that of Dr. Joseph Warren, a gentleman whom she had often seen visiting at the Plantation, and Sydney had told her that he was the Boston member of the Committee of Correspondence, a secret society whose agents far outstripped the press of those days in circulating political intelligence among the Whig party.

"Miss Delamere," he said, courteously bowing as she came forward, "I trust the time and business will excuse my want of ceremony, even to a lady. One who knows you well and esteems you above all other ladies, has told me of your faithfulness, sense, and courage, as well as your good inclinations to your country's cause. Will you do that cause a signal service?"

"Alas, sir," said Constance, "a woman can serve her country only by her prayers."

"Only! Miss Delamere. Can any greater service be done to cause or country than that of seeking for it the Divine assistance, without which man is nothing? Yet, besides, remember that Deborah the prophetess, and many another woman of whom both history and holy writ keep record, has done for her land and people that which man could not do at the time, and you may follow their example."

"With the help of Providence, I will do so to the best of my ability. What is the thing to be done?" said Constance, for his words had warmed up the patriot blood that was in her.

"It is," said Warren, "to take charge of this letter," and he placed in her hand an ordinary-looking but well-sealed epistle, with the words "From Brother Jonathan," clearly written where the address should have been. "Keep it safe from every eye, and give it to the first person who speaks of Brother Jonathan to you or your friends after you leave Boston, but recollect, in doing so, to find an opportunity or excuse that may ward off observation; and be sure your country will thank you for it yet. Providence be your help and guard. I hear a coming step; farewell." He turned quickly away, and was out of sight before one of Jacob Stoughton's old warehousemen came down the alley.

As Constance re-entered the house, she heard her father's voice requesting a word in private with friend Jacob. The Quaker and he were closeted in the back parlour for a quarter-of-an-hour or so, then Delamere slipped away, and Jacob came out looking rather concerned.

"It behoves us," he said to his family, "not yet to put on our travelling raiment. Friend Delamere has brought me word that the man Gage has closed his barriers and set a watch, not suffering man, woman, or child to pass out of the town. He has promised our friend, nevertheless, that we shall be free to go, but not till two or three hours hence, which will certainly bring the night upon us before we have made much way; yet we shall set forth, trusting in Him to whom the midnight is as the noonday."

It was weary waiting in the empty house, but their minds were occupied with the singular proceedings by which they were detained. What could have been the general's motive for shutting up the town? The men of the family went out in search of news on the subject, but they could get none. Everybody seemed equally taken by surprise, and none could guess the cause of such extraordinary precautions. Almost three hours passed away, and Delamere came at last to say that they might set forward.

The Quaker family lost no time; but when all were ready to start, Jacob gathered them round him in the old family room, now bare and empty; and there, standing in the ancient fashion of his people, he prayed for those that went forth and for those that remained,—that the same all-seeing Eye might watch over them, and the same Providence be their guide. Then Delamere took leave of his friends and his daughter. How hard it seemed for the squire to part with her—as if the shadow of all that was to happen before they met again darkened over his mind for the moment.

Constance kept a good heart, though shadows rarely fall upon the young, and she had Warren's letter to conceal and deliver. The risk and the secret blunted the sorrow; and Delamere would not cast a damp on her spirits, so he tried to look cheerful, mounted his horse, and rode with them over Boston Neck, and past the outermost of General Gage's sentinels, planted on the main road, with orders to turn back every individual who by any chance got out of the town, except themselves.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE FIRST BLOODSHED.

A CONSIDERABLE cavalcade they were, that excepted company, and one that would be thought a curious sight if setting forth from the Boston of our day. Caleb Sewell led the van. He was to do guide's duty, having done the commercial travelling of the firm for some years, and being, therefore, best acquainted with the country through which they had to pass. Susanna was seated on a comfortable pillion behind him; she had never been strong enough to learn horse-riding, and Caleb insisted that nobody could take care of her so well as himself. Mrs. Stoughton had been brought up in the country, and was a good horsewoman; she rode her own bay, and kept beside the pair. Jacob had his old acquaintance, Hannah Armstrong, mounted behind him. Constance and Philip rode side by side, as usual. Then came a number of discreet men in Jacob's employment, with sedate servant maids behind them, and bundles at their saddle-bows; and a long train of pack-horses and men who had the charge of them closed the procession.

They had proceeded about a mile after Delamere left them, when the whole party were called to halt by a sentinel pacing up and down in front of a temporary guardhouse on the roadside.

"Friend," said Jacob, "we have been permitted to go on our journey by the man Gage, who commands in Boston."

"That is no business of mine; you must speak to the lieutenant here," said the sentinel; and in his usual frank and soldier-like fashion, out stepped Lieutenant Gray.

He was unacquainted with the Stoughtons, but of course recognised Constance at once; made many kind inquiries, and complimented her on her father's return to the king's service.

"I have not seen the major," he said, "having come here only this morning from my leave of absence in New York, and I can't understand this manoeuvre of General Gage; but my orders are imperative to let no traveller from Boston pass without a written permission from himself."

"That is hard upon us, friend," said Jacob, "for the barriers of the Neck are now closed, and I doubt if they will admit us to the town."

"I doubt it, too," said the lieutenant; and he added in a lower tone, "that old fellow is always bungling; but I'll tell you what I can do. If you will alight and bring the ladies into my room—it is a chill night for them to be stopping here—I will send one of the soldiers with a note to toll Gage all about it, and bring back his written permission if it can be got."

"I thank thee with all my heart, friend," said Jacob; and Constance was supplementing his gratitude, when her attention, as well as that of the whole party, was caught by an unexpected visitant.

On the opposite side of the road, and a little in advance of the guardhouse, there stood a timber cottage, poor but picturesque-looking in the deepening twilight, with the blaze of a bright wood fire flashing from its half-open door. Out of it, as they parleyed there, came a tall, stooping woman, with her head so enveloped in flannel and red cotton handkerchiefs that it looked twice the ordinary size; a stout crutch under her one arm to make up for a remarkably lame leg, while with the other she held, bag-fashion, a check apron full of large dough nuts.

"You're from Boston, I guess, you folks," she said; "can any of you tell me what's become of my brother Jonathan?"

"Where does thy brother Jonathan live, friend?" inquired the cautious Quaker.

"Well, I expect it's in Pilgrim Street"—she spoke with a nasal twang that was matchless even in New England. "You must know him; he's just like myself, a bit troubled with the rheumatics, but there aint such a boy in old Tremont; them Britishers is wantin' to make him a king's officer."

"There's a compliment to the service," said Lieutenant Gray, laughing heartily; the soldiers followed their officer's example, for they had all come out to see the travellers; the Quaker family forgot their accustomed gravity, but the woman seemed nowise abashed by their mirth.

"Take a dough nut," she said, presenting her full apron to one after another; but none of the party, except the lieutenant, availed themselves of the offer till she came to Constance, with an exhortation to pick the biggest, which the squire's daughter seemed to obey; but nobody guessed with what a quaking heart she let the concealed letter slip out of her sleeve into the woman's apron, and covered it with the dough nuts.

"You haven't got no news about my brother, it seems," said the dame, but a glance from under her wrappings told Constance that all was right; and as she hobbled back to the cottage it would have been difficult to persuade one of the on-lookers that the flannels, the crutch, and the female garments disguised a smart lad in the service of Samuel Adams, and one of the most expeditious runners in the province. They did not see him a minute after sally from the back-door, in the dress of a young countryman, leap the garden fence, and scour across the fields with a speed like that of a deer.

That youth's father belonged to the sect of the Old Light Burghers, and had given him the edifying Christian name of Dust-thou-art; but his contemporaries abbreviated it to Dust, by which unassuming title his fame long survived himself in the locality. The cottage in such near neighbourhood to the guard-house was the dwelling of his particular friend, a flax-dresser and a militiaman. It was also the first news-station from Boston. There Dust waited for intelligence, in the character of the flax-dresser's mother-in-law, and came out with the same inquiry regarding his brother Jonathan to all travellers when anything important was expected. It is said that the name thus agreed upon between the Committee Men and their most active agent, to indicate tidings of more than common import, became on that account, first, the sobriquet of the Bostonians, and finally, that of the American people, though some assign to it a different origin, for tradition grows hazy and uncertain in the lapse of a hundred years.

To return to the detained travellers. They were happy to accept the lieutenant's kind offer and await at the guardhouse the return of his messenger to General Gage. The old officer gallantly conducted the ladies to the best seats at his room-fire, found places for the sedate maids, as well as for Jacob and Caleb, who remained as guardians of the fair in his quarters, while the rest of the men allowed their horses to nibble the fresh grass which spring had brought up on the roadside, and held friendly converse with the soldiers by their guardroom-fire, for, being Quakers, they lived at peace with all men—including "Britishers." The lieutenant despatched his note by a soldier who generally kept sober, and promised to make no delay. Then he sat down among his unexpected guests, and beguiled the time by conversing with them about their intended journey. "It will be well for you," he said, "to get over the wild country before the Indian tribes take to the war-path, as I think they soon will. If an outbreak should occur in these provinces it would afford them a first-rate excuse for fighting over their old feuds and plundering settlers and travellers on pretext of taking one side or the other. Not but that they get causes of quarrel enough against the whites. That was an unhappy thing that took place at Cumberland Station, and I doubt we shall hear of sharp reprisals."

"Thou art right, friend," said Jacob; "the inconsiderate injustice of the white man is oftentimes the cause of the red man's merciless wrath. But of what dost thou speak as having happened at Cumberland Station, which I chance to know? A small place of strength, is it not, on the borders of the Mohawk country?"

"The same, sir," said the lieutenant; "and you must understand the garrison there is commanded by an old acquaintance of mine—Major Danby, a capital fellow as ever lived, and has seen a world of service. He is something above sixty now, but married to a New York lady at least thirty years younger than himself; and she thinks no small silver of him either, as you may judge from her going to live in garrison with him there in the wilderness. But, you see, Mrs. Major Danby was a notable woman, mightily given to teaching and training-up the young, and, unfortunately, she had no children to spend her prowess on. The major, being a sensible man, had made good friends of his nearest Indian neighbours—a tribe that were not exactly Mohawks, but a rem-

nant of the old Wampanoag people who once occupied Massachusetts. There was an orphan girl among them, the daughter of a famous chief, and much beloved by the whole tribe. Mrs. Danby undertook to teach her all sorts of manners and accomplishments—I am not sure that she did not intend the girl to be head governess over all the squaws. At any rate, she was allowed to take her home by the old chief, who acted as her guardian—Main-rouge they call him—Red-hand, as we would say—a title the French gave him. He was on their side in the old war, and by your leave, Mr. Stoughton, there was not a more regular limb of Satan in the service."

"I have seen him more than once, and heard of his doings in my travels on the frontiers. Truly he is a bloodthirsty savage," said Jacob.

"Well, he allowed Mrs. Danby to take the child home, and all went well till the young creature committed some breach of discipline. Whether she would not learn the lessons, or would take to some of her wild Indian ways, I don't know," said the lieutenant, "but Mrs. Danby, by way of punishment, locked her up in a back room. Either the girl got frightened at that, or was tired of the fine teaching, for she smashed the window, jumped out, and fled back to her tribe. The way was long, and the poor child lost it, wandered about for days and nights, got torn by brambles and half-drowned in swamps, and reached the Indian village at last so starved with cold and hunger that, in spite of all they could do for her, she sickened and died. The Indians laid the whole blame on Mrs. Danby, for the major had no hand in the business; but they say he has sent off the lady with a suitable escort to Boston, where it seems she has some relations. The route to New York lies too near the Indian country to be ventured on; but, believe me, if they only get scent of the way she has taken, the Wampanoags will be on her trail into the heart of Massachusetts."

"It is, indeed, an unhappy affair," said Jacob, "and one which might have been prevented by more prudence and patience on the white woman's part; and she was bound to exercise both, having undertaken to teach the child of a heathen savage."

The lieutenant concurred in his opinion, and the party sat and talked over that and other matters. They had time enough, for hours elapsed before the messenger returned. General Gage had been at supper with a party of officers, and could scarcely be persuaded to attend to the business at all; but at length the soldier came back with his written permission for the travellers to proceed. They remounted their horses, took a friendly leave of the lieutenant, and set forward once more, in hopes to reach the village of Lexington before the break of day, and rest there at a well-known inn called Buckman's Tavern.

It was long after dark by this time, a fine star-lit night overhung the land; but as the party rode on, its silence was broken by sounds of strange import. They heard drums beaten in every direction; the bells of village churches pealed forth alarms; signal fires flamed up on every height, till the whole horizon seemed in a blaze. They could hear the trampling of horses' hoofs in neighbouring byways, and see the figures of men hurrying across the fields. "The country is alarmed and rising. What can it mean?" said Caleb Sewell.

"I know not," said Jacob; "but let us push on

to Lexington. There, perhaps, we shall hear what has happened, for certainly there are some strange doings in the land this night. The Lord prevent bloodshed."

They did push on as quickly as the darkness and the rough road would allow. The sounds of alarm and the signal fires seemed to spread over all the country. The men whom they chanced to see were either in too great haste or at too great a distance to give them any intelligence; but when they reached Lexington in the grey light of the early morning, they found its inhabitants all astir, and the village green in front of the old meeting-house occupied by a body of armed men.

"What is the cause of this gathering, and the sounds of tumult which we hear on all sides, friend?" said Caleb, as he rode up to one who was piling faggots on a watch-fire hard by.

Constance knew that man's face as the blaze shot up. He was the determined-looking young man who had run Hiram Hardhead out of the door at the Elms on the night of Captain Devereux's uncere- monious removal.

"The cause is ole Gage yonder in Boston; he got wind somehow of the store of arms and ammunition our people had laid up in Concord to defend their lives and liberties with; and last night, after shuttin' up the town till no cratur could get out or in, he sent a force of reg'lars across the Cambridge marshes, under cover o' darkness, to destroy the store and take two honest men, Samuel Adams and John Hancock, that he thought to find in their beds at the minister's house here. Howsomever, Providence subvorses the schemes o' the wicked. Somebody—we don't know who—got out o' the town with a letter from Joseph Warren. So the runners have been wakin' up the country all night. If the Britishers do get the length o' Concord, they won't get much to play their spite on; and if Colonel Sydney Arehdale comes up in time with his militia, they'll find things hotter than they expected in this township."

"I pray thee, friend," said Caleb, "thou and they that are with thee, consider to what issue this affair may come under the conduct of that headstrong youth."

"Ride on, my drab darlin'!" cried the young man—his name was Thaddeus Magrory, and he was known to be of Irish origin. "Ride on and get the women out o' danger, for the Britishers is coming up at your tail, an' I guess you'll like their room better than their company."

"Come, Caleb, persuasion is of no avail here; let us take the Bedford road, though it is somewhat out of our course; Concord is no place for peaceable people to venture on now," said Jacob.

Accordingly they took the Bedford road, which opened on the right-hand side of the green, while that to Concord lay on the left. It led over hill and dale, through a pleasant district of farm and pasture-land, skirted by remnants of the ancient woods. But the Quaker company had made little way when on the ridge of its first rising-ground they paused with one consent, and turned to look and listen. The sun was mounting above the eastern heights, the birds were singing his welcome in the woods, and the breath of spring flowers went up from the meadow-lands like incense to the brightness of his rising; but on the earth below there was a sound like the steady tramp of marching men, and arms and helmets flashed in the kindling day. It was the

secret expedition entering the village, its advance led by Major Pitcairn with his marines. The travellers were too far off to hear the high-handed old officer summon the militiamen, by the style and title of rebels and villains, to lay down their arms, but they heard the sharp report of his pistol which followed, and then a volley of musketry. They saw the regulars rush on and the provincials give way, far outnumbered for the time. The country around them rang with a long, loud British cheer, followed by a din of dropping shots and shouting voices, and the simplest there knew that the long-threatened war of brothers had begun.

"Oh, Lord!" said Jacob, as he bowed his head over his clasped hands, "have mercy on this unhappy land, and stay the effusion of blood!"

But Caleb looked towards the scene of action, now hidden by rolling smoke-wreaths. The impulse of the hour had raised the methodical young merchant above the level of his daily life; for there was a higher spirit in him, one that could have done the patriot's, or, if need were, the martyr's, part, for faith or freedom's sake, as with uplifted eyes and hands he said, "Oh, Lord, since thou hast permitted the sword to be drawn in this land, stand by the cause which thou knowest to be righteous, and let not tyranny and kingcraft prevail upon the earth," and the company with one voice responded, "Amen."

The well-head of a great river gives little token of the mighty flow with which it will meet the ocean, and so it is with the springs of the world's greatest changes. The military men who were engaged in that action spoke of it as a mere skirmish; and such in their parlance it was; but which of them ever guessed or dreamt of its mighty issues? The history of a republic more free and powerful than that of ancient Rome; the thunders that shook down thrones in the French Revolution, and woke the bondsmen of Europe from their slumbers in the *débris* of the feudal times; hopes that yet speak to the toiling thousands of better things than were ever known to them or their fathers in the old world or the new,—all had their birth-time in that sweet spring morning when the first shot in the War of American Independence was fired, and the first blood shed, on the village green of Lexington.

SOME PECULIARITIES OF EDINBURGH LIFE,

AS OBSERVED BY A SOUTHERNER.

I.

DURING a brief residence in the Scotch metro- polis some striking peculiarities attracted attention. Most of the characteristics there noted are excellencies, and concur with the general testimony of strangers—that Edinburgh is a specially pleasant place to live in.

The Edinburgh houses are solidly built and well-planned for ventilation, drainage, and internal convenience. Some of these are divided into "Flats," each of which has an entrance door of its own, though often up several flights of common stairs.

We wanted a furnished "flat," and after much search fixed on one which was up no more than fifty stairs of a clean and well-lighted staircase, used only

by one other family. At the top of the house there was a mechanical arrangement to open the front-door without descending; and the postman and other imperative callers stood below and bawled out "Post" or "Caller haddie." There was a good kitchen in the "flat," at the top of the house. In this lofty kitchen a large wooden bunker for coals was placed, holding not more than one ton, which had to be dragged up the lofty stairs. There was also what was called a "dust-bucket," to hold the refuse of the kitchen, which our good Scotch servant carried down every night and set down in the street gutter. In the early morning carts went round and emptied all these "buckets." Often, when we came in late at night, we saw old men or women crouching over the "dust-bucket," and picking out what they could use.

At first we made sad bungles at the front-door. After ringing the bell and waiting, the door would open and we slowly prepare to enter, when it would slam to and shut us out. Sometimes one of the party would enter, and the rest forget to hold the door open, and so be shut out. A good laugh and a fresh ring soon moved the door on its hinges again, and carefully keeping it from closing, we all passed.

Ours was a double "flat," with a stair to the bedroom landing, and we had a capital skylight above our hall. It proved a snug and roomy lodging at moderate cost. Thanks to our own experienced servant and a Scotch girl, who rose early, worked well, and was quite obliging, we were as much at home as in our own southern house.

One of our first wants was a porter to heave our very considerable luggage up the awful fifty stairs. In Edinburgh these "porters" stand at the chief street corners. They are generally elderly men, though of great strength, with a badge and a cord or strap over their shoulders, ready to fetch and carry anything for anybody. These regularly licensed porters walk to and fro on the watch for employment. They have a light truck within reach. Always keeping the same station day after day, they seem to know all the resident families.

Speaking of the streets, another practical aid is that a post-office is very easily found at night, since the lamp nearest to it is always coloured red. It is curious, in looking along the fine vistas of gaslights, for which by night Edinburgh is famous, to detect at once the red gleam which directs you where to deposit your letter in safety.

Mindful of the close and stuffy cabs which stand on hire in London, and of the heavy fares and discontented drivers, we were surprised at the light, clean, and elegant carriages on the Edinburgh stands, either open or close. After a drive in one of these, it is pleasant to be thanked by the driver for a fare about half what a London jarvie would have wrung out of you.

If you change a crisp, clean, silky-looking English bank-note at the bank or at a shop, you vainly expect certain solid, yellow, clearly-stamped English sovereigns. Instead of these, you have a handful of dingy paper thrust into your hand, which in disgust you almost refuse to accept; but you find that you are holding several one-pound notes, which are the common currency in Scotland. They are issued not by one national bank, as with us notes usually are, but by a variety of banks in town and country. You can hardly mistake in counting a number of sovereigns, and if you are uncertain, their value may

be told by weighing them in a lump. You must be very careful, however, in counting Scotch notes, as they have a knack of sticking together, so that even the bank clerks count them through several times before they let a sheaf of them go. It is wonderful they wear as they do, for they look as flimsy as American greenbacks.

On entering the Scotch law-courts, one is generally reminded of those at home—save in one marked improvement. Most people know the irreverent and slovenly way in which the oath is administered to English witnesses. The witness hurries into the box, and while judge and jury and the spectators are chatting and rustling in a pause of the business, the clerk of the court hands him a small Bible, which he holds in his right hand. The officer then recites his mumbled formula, "The evidence you shall give to the court and jury, touching the matter in question, shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. So help you, God!" The witness, without uttering a word, ducks his head and puts his lips to the Bible cover—unless he is cunning and ignorant enough to evade the ceremony by kissing his thumb. Now in Scotch courts the procedure is far more dignified and impressive. When the witness appears, the judge himself rises from his seat, and raising high his right hand, looks fixedly on the offerer of evidence, who, as instructed, also raises high his arms, and looks the judge in the face. The judge then, amid general silence, calls the witness to say aloud after him, "I swear by Almighty God to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!" No paltry symbol is added to the simple solemnity of this declaration, which appears likely to be far more binding on the conscience of him who makes it before the judge and in the silence of the crowded court.

A feature of Scotch trials, which appears to be of more doubtful influence, is the verdict "Not proven." This midway verdict may terminate a dubious case more speedily, and may often open an escape when evidence is not sufficient. Still, when a jury dreads the responsibility or difficulty of a decision, it will be tempted to glide into this easy neutral judgment, and the really innocent are only half acquitted, which is the same as nominally acquitted, but morally condemned.

The deep boom of the one o'clock gun from the Castle, which occurs every day in Edinburgh, is a startling reminder of the flight of time, and the need of punctuality. It is amusing to see every one in Princes Street consulting his or her time-keeper, and correcting any loss or gain. It is particularly interesting to climb beforehand to a point like Salisbury Cross, where the Castle and Carlton Hill are both visible. On the latter hill is the electric ball which slides down its staff exactly at one o'clock, and then from the Castle leaps forth a sudden flame, and slowly after comes the report.

Our children required to continue their education, and we soon found that in this article Edinburgh has the highest advantage. Besides large and splendid endowed schools for the poor, there are admirable schools for boys and girls of a higher class. Elder girls as well as boys have classes to themselves, so that they can pursue advanced courses of learning. These are not boarding-schools, and no notice whatever is required on taking a child away. The fees are very moderate, and are paid in advance, which is an excellent system for all parties. There are no

bills to send in, and no arrears or disputes. Of the famed University, the Museums, and other educational advantages, space does not allow me to speak. There are also constant opportunities of hearing first-rate music, and also lecturers and speakers, at the Philosophical Institution and other places.

We were invited to one of the first houses in Edinburgh on Hallowe'en night, and among other amusements the party tried their skill in "ducking for apples." Instead, however, of the ancient mode of trying to seize a rosy apple floating in water with your mouth, and thus splashing yourself and others, a fork was employed. According to age, the youngest coming first, each child or person stood on a chair with fork in hand poised over a bucket of water, in which swam the golden, large American apples.

The apples are gently put in motion round the bucket, and the fork let fall from above. It has hit one, but glanced off, and the little aimer is disappointed. Presently it dashes through the skin, and the apple turns round, with the heavy fork hanging below it in the water. The apples belong to the striker, and as the youngest and then the elders and even grey-headed sires fail or win, the mirth is kept up on the weird night of Hallowe'en.

It is pleasant to walk the quiet streets on Sunday. Scarcely a cab stands for hire, though they may be had for invalids, etc., at double fare. The tramway horses and drivers get their seventh day rest, and the railway whistle is hushed.

We were in town on the Fast Day—a day formerly observed with great strictness. Still, the members of Presbyterian churches assemble, in preparation for the Communion, twice a year; but to the general public it is a holiday, and I regret to say there was much drunkenness in the streets that day.

If you enter any of the churches, the first thing you will notice will be several large metal basins placed in the porch, with grave elders standing as guardians behind them. You hear some coin rattle in the basin, which reminds you that the Scotch collection is made before the service instead of after it, and every week. You fumble for a piece of money, and you observe that it seems by no means a very rich collection, as the proportion of halfpence is considerable. However, almost every one gives something—this is, after all, but a supplementary collection, as there are many subscriptions of other sorts. Possibly you may be edified before service commences by the precentor reading long lists of banns of marriage, and other notices. You will note the general absence of organ or instrument, and the precentor in his high desk, with his choir about him below the pulpit. It will strike you that the psalms are very uncouth in their rhythm, and that the people keep their seats in singing, but rise to pray. The service will be plain reading of Scripture; no liturgy or form of prayer; and a sermon, often pretty long, sometimes dry and doctrinal, but also often in a very high and impressive style of thought and of rhetoric.

Religious topics occupy an unusually large place both in public and private life in Edinburgh. These topics are not so much of a Christian and spiritual as of an ecclesiastical and external kind. There is not much difference in Scotland as to matters of doctrine and the essentials of religion; yet the divisions on points of Church government and order are strong, and to a stranger sometimes perplexing. Episcopalians, Independents, Baptists, Methodists,

and other denominations, form only a small proportion of the whole community, the bulk of the people belonging to the three great sections of Presbyterians, the Established Church, the Free Church, and the United Presbyterians—the latter formed from a reunion of various seceders from the Kirk. Residuary, Frees, and U. Ps. are the colloquial names of these three bodies, on the principles of which, and on the merits of particular ministers, much local conversation turns.

Underneath this outward form there is, however, a deep sense of true religion, pervading social and domestic life. To give a recent illustration of this, Edinburgh was the first city to lend to the American evangelists, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, a world-wide reputation, and nowhere were their efforts more warmly approved and aided, not by ministers only, but laymen of all classes and denominations.

One of the most interesting meetings we attended referred to an institution of which Edinburgh may well be proud—the Medical Missionary Dispensary. There is a dispensary open in the Cowgate for the relief of disease, managed by some of the leading medical men, clergy, and gentlemen of the city. The effort is to combine religious healing with medical. Kind ladies come and read suitable books, as well as the Bible, to the patients as they wait for attention.

The students admitted there are learning to combine medical skill with missionary work. In Edinburgh they connect with their visits and physical inquiries suitable inquiries as to the religious condition and welfare of those who seek their help. After this training they go forth under the patronage of a society as medical missionaries of the Cross to foreign lands, as to China, India, Japan, Africa, Syria, and other parts. Some of these men have been singularly useful in both departments of labour.*

There are few cities so haunted with ghosts of those who once played a distinguished part in chivalry, statesmanship, war, letters, and religion as Edinburgh. The well-read person cannot fail to meet such glorious and touching reminiscences at every turn—often statues embody them.

Among the things Edinburgh possesses in special distinction is one which a friend told me fairly silenced a rather boastful and talkative American. He had been showing this gentleman all the lions of the place, but of every scene or building the American would look away, saying, "Ah, you should see this or that in my country—I guess you would be rather surprised." At last my friend was a little weary and nettled, and he tartly said, "Well, Mr. —, I shall show you no more—it is not worth while; there is nothing to interest you." They were then passing the Greyfriars' Churchyard, and walking in, he led the American right before the solemn graves of the old Covenanting martyrs. He stood and looked, and read the inscriptions all from top to bottom. Then he took off his hat and silently read them over again, and turned to his companion with glistening eyes, and with a sigh of emotion he said, "Ah, sir, there is something grand, indeed; and we have nothing like that in our country."

* As a memorial of the great African explorer and philanthropist, David Livingstone, a college or institution for the special training of medical missionaries is now being founded. Contributions in aid of this object are invited, and no nobler or more practical form of Christian beneficence could be devised. Contributions may be sent to the Rev. John Lowe, Superintendent, 56, George Square; or, to Dr. Omond, Treasurer of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society.



From the Painting by C. Baxter.]

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

EARLY CIVILISATION.

BY GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A., CAMDEN PROFESSOR OF ANCIENT HISTORY, OXFORD, AND CANON OF CANTERBURY.

IV.—PHENICIA.

ONE of the earliest Oriental civilisations was that of Phœnicia. Philo of Byblos, a Syro-Phœnician Greek, who wrote in the early part of the second century after Christ, and professed to present his countrymen with a translation of an old Phœnician history composed by a native priest, called Sanchoniathon, claimed for Phœnicia a precedence over every other known nation in respect of science, art, and civilisation generally. According to him, Thoth (Tautus), the Egyptian god of learning, whom the Greeks identified with Mercury, was a Phœnician, who had instructed the Egyptians in theology. Osiris had come from Egypt to Phœnicia, and having there studied and been initiated into the native mysteries, had carried back to his own countrymen the knowledge of letters, and invented the threefold system of Egyptian writing. Kronos, a Phœnician king, had introduced civilisation into Greece, and established Athênê there as queen of Attica. This same monarch was the progenitor of the Jewish nation through his only son, Jeoud. Civilisation in all its branches had originated in Phœnicia. Here masonry, agriculture, fishing, navigation, astronomy, music, metallurgy had been discovered and first practised. From Phœnicia the stream of knowledge had flowed out to other countries, which had all derived from this source their art and science, their writing and literature, their religion and theosophy.

The claims of Philo-Byblius, or Sanchoniathon, whichever was the real author of the work in question, which is largely quoted by Eusebius, most certainly exceed the truth. As Mr. Kenrick well observes, "If it be safe to pronounce in any case on priority of knowledge and civilisation, it is in awarding to Egypt precedence over Phœnicia."^{*} But still, though Phœnician authors might exaggerate the antiquity and early civilisation of their country, they must undoubtedly have had a basis of truth to rest upon. It would have been ridiculous to claim priority over all other races and nations, unless in general repute their antiquity was regarded as considerable. We can entertain no reasonable doubt that they were among the nations whose origin went back the furthest, and who might thus be considered entitled to compete for the prize of antiquity without putting forward a wholly absurd pretension.

And the conclusion which we should thus draw from the claim set up in the work ascribed to Sanchoniathon is borne out by various other considerations. In the earliest Greek literature—the Homeric poems—whose date we cannot bring ourselves to place later than about B.C. 1000, the Phœnicians are already regarded as among the great nations of the earth, and the most advanced in art and civilisation. "It is to this people," says Mr. Gladstone,† "that we must look as the esta-

blished merchants, hardiest navigators, and furthest explorers of those days. To them alone, as a body, in the whole Homeric world of flesh and blood, does Homer give the distinctive epithet of 'ship-renowned.' He accords it, indeed, to the airy Phœaciens; but in all probability that element of their character is borrowed from the Phœnicians; and, if so, the reason of the derivation can only be that the Phœnicians were for that age the type of a nautical people. To them only does he assign the epithets, which belong to the knavery of trade, *polypaipaloi* and *tróktaí*. When we hear of their ships in Egypt or in Greece, the circumstance is mentioned as if their coming was in the usual course of their commercial operations." The Mediterranean of Homer's time, and of the still earlier age which he strives to depict, is, in fact, a "Phœnician lake." The Phœnicians have settlements in various parts of it, and trade with all the countries whose shores it washes. No other nation interferes with them, or even seeks to share in their profits. They are the established carriers between land and land, and supply to each the foreign commodities that it requires.

This early nautical skill and addiction to commerce is celebrated by the historians no less than by the poets. Herodotus, who places the Trojan War* about B.C. 1250, represents the Phœnicians as trading with Argos several generations earlier, and as then offering for sale on the shores of the Peloponnese the wares of Egypt and Assyria.† At a date at least as remote he regards the Phœnicians as slave-dealers who kidnapped defenceless persons in the countries to which they had access, and sold them to the dwellers in other Mediterranean regions.‡ The Jewish historians assign to Sidon a very remote antiquity, § and attest the great maritime knowledge and naval skill of the Phœnicians at the time when their own people first developed a tendency to commercial speculation.|| This, however, was not till about B.C. 1000, a date long subsequent to the times of which Homer and Herodotus bear witness.

Besides their pre-eminence in nautical matters, the Phœnicians were also in these early ages proficient in various elegant and ornamental arts. In Phœnicia were produced, according to Homer, the noblest works of metallic skill, and the choicest specimens of embroidery. The prize assigned by Achilles for the foot-race at the funeral of Patroclus was, ¶

"A bowl of solid silver, deftly wrought,
That held six measures, and in beauty far

* See the "Vita Homeri," sec. 33; and compare the "History," ii. 145.

† Herod. i. 1.

‡ Ibid. ii. 54.

§ See Gen. x. 15, where Sidon is made the firstborn of Canaan; and compare the mention of "great Sidon" in Joshua (xi. 3).

|| 1 Kings ix. 27, viii. 18.

¶ Hom. "Il." xxiii. 741-744.

* See Kenrick's "Phœnicia," p. 238.

† "Homer, and the Homeric Age," vol. i. p. 220.

Surpassed whatever else the world could boast ;
 Since men of Sidon, skilled in glyptic art,
 Had made it, and Phœnician mariners
 Had brought it with them over the dark sea."

The choicest gift that Menelaüs could offer to Tele-
 machus when he took his departure from his Court
 is described as follows :—*

"Of all the chattels that my house contains,
 The noblest and most beautiful, a bowl
 Wrought deftly, all of silver, but with lips
 Gold-sprinkled, by Hephestus shaped and framed,
 Which Phœdrius once gave me, Sidon's king."

When Hecuba was anxious to conciliate Athené by
 a costly and precious offering, she went to her ward-
 robe, and selected from the many vestments there in
 store, which were all of them

"The cunning work of Sidon's well-skilled dames,"†
 one of special and extraordinary beauty,

"Fairest of all
 In its rich broidery, and ample too ;
 Which blazed as 'twere a star, and lowest lay
 Of all the garments."‡

Of a very similar character were the artistic works
 which Hiram, the Phœnician artificer, lent by the
 King of Tyre to Solomon, constructed at Jerusalem
 for the ornamentation of the Temple. Hiram was
 "skilful to work in gold, and in silver, in brass, in
 iron, in stone, and in timber, in purple, in blue,
 and in fine linen (white?), and in crimson; also to
 grave any manner of graving."§ He cast for
 Solomon, "in the plain of Jordan, in the clay
 ground between Succoth and Zarthan,"|| the two
 great bronze pillars, called Jachin and Boaz, each of
 them twenty-seven feet high, and with capitals five
 and a half feet high,¶ which stood before the
 Temple on either side of the porch, adorned with
 pomegranates and "nets of checker work and
 wreaths of chain work,"** real marvels of glyptic
 skill! He made, moreover, a "molten sea,"†† or
 great bronze laver, supported on twelve oxen, of the
 same material, together with ten movable lavers,
 that went on wheels, and were ornamented with
 lions, oxen, and cherubim.‡‡ The lesser vessels and
 implements used in the service, "the pots, the
 shovels, and the basins," are likewise expressly said
 to have been his work.§§ We may reasonably con-
 clude that he had also the general superintendence
 of the internal decoration of the Temple, the carving
 of cedar and fir and olive, and the covering of the
 carved work with gold, as well as the incrustation of
 the woodwork in places with marbles and precious
 stones.|||| Whether we are to attribute to him, or to
 others his compatriots, the entire series of Solomon's
 works—the house of the forest of Lebanon,¶¶ with

its "four rows of cedar pillars and cedar beams
 upon the pillars," the throne of judgment, carved in
 ivory and overlaid with the purest gold, guarded by
 lions upon its six steps,* and the "porch for the
 throne where he might judge"†—is, perhaps,
 doubtful; but the predominant judgment of the best
 critics appears to be that in all these and other
 works of the time we have, if not Phœnician work-
 manship, at any rate Phœnician influence.‡ The
 general preference of wood to stone for building,
 and especially of cedar; the ornamentation by pome-
 granates and gourds and palms and lilies, Syrian
 products; the use of isolated pillars, etc., all point
 to Phœnicia, rather than to Egypt or Assyria, as the
 country which furnished the great Jewish monarch
 with his models, and supplied the "motives" or
 ideas of his various works and constructions.

The exact character and degree of excellency of
 the architecture and glyptic or plastic art which the
 Phœnicians practised is, to some extent, open to
 question. The works of art still in existence, which
 can be ascribed with even a fair degree of proba-
 bility to the Phœnicians, are scanty in the extreme;
 and even if they were more numerous, we should
 still be scarcely justified in drawing any positive con-
 clusions from data that are so uncertain. A few
 rock tombs of doubtful antiquity, and a single sarco-
 phagus of an Egyptian type,§ constitute pretty
 nearly all the remains that the country itself has
 hitherto furnished; and upon these it is evidently
 not safe to build any definite theory. If we might
 accept confidently the view of Mr. Layard,|| that the
 entire series of embossed and engraved vessels which
 he discovered at Nimrud are "the work of Phœnician
 artists, brought expressly from Tyre, or carried away
 amongst the captives when their cities were taken by
 the Assyrians," we should have perhaps sufficient
 grounds for forming a judgment. The dishes, plates,
 bowls, and cups in question are in excellent taste,
 elegant in shape, delicately and chastely ornamented
 with fanciful designs representing conventional forms,
 or sometimes men and animals, and skilfully em-
 bossed by a process which is still employed by
 modern silversmiths.¶ Their positive attribution to
 Phœnicia would justify the highest estimate that has
 ever yet been formed of Phœnician artistic power
 and skill in metallurgy. But it must not be forgotten
 or concealed that it is conjecture only which assigns
 them to Phœnicia, and that there is perhaps equal
 reason for regarding them as the work of native
 Assyrians.**

Besides navigation, architecture, metallurgy, and
 embroidery, the Phœnicians excelled also at a very
 early date in the manufacture of glass, in dyeing, and
 perhaps in music. The Romans of imperial times
 believed that the honour of actually inventing glass
 belonged to the Phœnician city of Sidon;†† and
 though in this they were probably mistaken, since
 glass was known in Egypt as early as the Pyramid
 period,‡‡ yet there can be no doubt that the Sidonians
 produced glass at a remote date, and were proficient

* Hom. "Od." iv. 614—618.

† Hom. "Il." vi. 280.

‡ Ibid. 292—5.

§ See 2 Chron. ii. 14.

|| 1 Kings vii. 46. Compare the "Quarterly Statement of the Palestine
 Exploration Fund" for January, 1875, p. 31.

¶ 1 Kings vii. 15, 16.

** Ibid. verse 17.

†† Ibid. verse 23.

‡‡ Ibid. verse 27—39.

§§ Ibid. verse 45. Compare 2 Chron. iv. 10, where we are told "The
 pots also, and the shovels, and the fleshhooks, and all their instruments,
 did Huram make to King Solomon for the house of the Lord of
 bright brass."

|||| See 1 Chron. xxix. 2, and 2 Chron. iii. 6.

¶¶ 1 Kings vii. 2.

* Ibid. x. 13—20; 2 Chron. ix. 17—19.

† 1 Kings vii. 7.

‡ See Kenrick, "Phœnicia," pp. 251—3.

§ On the sarcophagus of Eshmunazar, see the article on Sidon in Dr.
 Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," vol. iii. p. 1850.

|| "Nineveh and Babylon," p. 192.

¶ Ibid. p. 193, note.

** See the author's "Ancient Monarchies," vol. i. pp. 459, 460; first
 edition.

†† See Plin. "H. N." xxxvi. 65.

‡‡ Rawlinson's "Herodotus," vol. ii. p. 291, second edition; Wilkinson's
 "Ancient Egyptians," vol. iii. p. 88.

in its manufacture. "They knew the effect of an addition of manganese to the grit of sand and soda in making the glass clearer. They used the blowpipe, the lathe, and the graver, and cast mirrors of glass. They must also have been acquainted with the art of imitating precious stones, and colouring glass by means of metallic oxides. The 'pillar of emerald,' which Herodotus speaks of (ii., 44) in the Temple of Hercules at Tyre, 'shining brightly in the night,' can hardly have been anything else than a hollow cylinder of green glass, in which, as at Gades, a lamp burnt perpetually."* What was the amount of excellence whereto they attained is uncertain; but the fame of the Sidonian glass in early times would seem to imply that they surpassed the artists of both Assyria† and Egypt.

The art of dyeing textile fabrics with the juice of the *murex trunculus* and *buccinum lapillus*‡ is notoriously one which the Phœnicians carried to a high pitch of perfection; and "Tyrian purple" was everywhere regarded as the most beautiful of all known hues. Various tints were produced by different modes of manipulating the dye, which, according to the process used, made the fabric whereto it was applied scarlet, bright crimson, purple, or even blue. The "crimson and purple and blue," in which Hiram was skilful to work (2 Chron. ii. 14), were probably all produced by the native dyers from the shellfish in question. So peculiarly Phœnician was the manufacture considered, that the ordinary colour resulting from the dye received the name of *phœnix* or *phœnikos* (Lat., *punicus*), i.e., "the Phœnician colour." Metallic and vegetable agents were, no doubt, also employed; but the use of the shellfish predominated, and alone conferred on the Phœnician dyers their great reputation.

The Phœnicians of Sidon were declared by their native historian§ to have invented music. As the invention belongs to antediluvian times (Gen. iv., 21), this claim must of course be disallowed; but the musical taste of the people is sufficiently indicated by the fact that they gave their name to instruments, which the Greeks received from them and retained in use for centuries. A particular kind of lyre or cithern was known, at least as early as the time of Herodotus,|| by the name of *phœnix*. It was usually enclosed by the two horns of an ox, or large antelope, which were probably joined near their upper ends by a transverse bar of wood, from which the strings were carried to the bottom. Another instrument was known as the *lyro-phœnix* or *lyro-phœnikion*,¶ which differed probably from the *phœnix* by having at its base the shell of a tortoise, or some other hollow contrivance, intended to act as a sounding board. It is not unlikely that the scientific cultivation of music among the Jews, which belongs especially to the time of David and Solomon,** was a result of the close and friendly intercourse which then existed between the court of Jerusalem and that of Tyre.††

* Kenrick, "Phœnicia," p. 240.

† On Assyrian glass, see Layard, "Nineveh and Babylon," pp. 196-7, and the remarks of Sir D. Brewster in the same work, pp. 674-6.

‡ This subject is well treated by Mr. Kenrick ("Phœnicia," pp. 237-247, and 255-259).

§ Sauchoniaton, ed. Orelli, p. 32.

|| Herod. iv. 192.

¶ The lyro-phœnix (Λυροφœνικίς) is mentioned by Athenæus ("Deipnosoph." 175 D., 183 D.); the lyro-phœnikion (Λυροφœνικιον) by Pollux ("Onomast." iv. 50).

** See "Dictionary of the Bible," ad. voc. "Music," vol. ii. p. 443, col. i. †† See 2 Sam. v. 11; 1 Kings v. 1-18, ix. 11-27; 1 Chron. xii. 4; 2 Chron. ii. 3-16, viii. 18, ix. 21.

But the great glory of the Phœnicians, and the plainest mark of their early civilisation, is their invention of alphabetic writing. Other nations—notably the Egyptians and Babylonians—had anticipated them in the invention of a method whereby articulate sounds were represented to the eye by forms and figures. But the systems which these nations introduced and employed were not alphabetic; they were cumbrous and complicated, unapt for ordinary or extensive use, and such as to require for their mastery a special and almost professional training.* Both employed a large number of *ideographs*, or signs of ideas; both used numerous *determinatives*;† both had a redundancy of signs for one and the same sound; both employed certain signs sometimes in one, sometimes in another manner.‡ In one respect the Babylonian and Egyptian methods differed, and the latter approached to the verge of being an alphabetic system. The Babylonian characters did not represent the elementary sounds of human articulation,§ but stood for complete syllables, for a consonant with a vowel, before or after, or for the combination of two consonants with a vowel between them; the Egyptians proceeded beyond this; they went so far as to decompose the syllable, and possessed signs which were "letters" in the exact modern sense. But they never wrote with these signs exclusively. Their system was from first to last a jumble, in which symbolic and determinative signs were mixed up with phonetic ones, and in which the phonetic ones were of two classes, alphabetic and syllabic, in which, moreover, the ideographic signs might take an accidental phonetic value at the commencement of certain words, and the alphabetic and syllabic characters might also be employed ideographically. It was left for the Phœnicians to seize on the one feature of Egyptian writing, which was capable of universal application, to disentangle it from the confused jumble of heterogeneous principles with which it was bound up, and to form a system of writing in which there should be no intermixture of any other method. To do this was to take a step in advance greater than any which had been previously taken; it was, as has been well said, "to consummate the union of the written and spoken word, to emancipate once for all the spirit of man from the swaddling clothes of primitive symbolism, and to allow it at length to have its full and free development, by giving it an instrument worthy of it, perfect in respect of clearness, of elasticity, and of convenience for use."||

The complicated and cumbrous systems of the Babylonians and Egyptians could never have become general or have been of any great use to mankind. The method adopted by the Phœnicians rapidly proved its excellence by showing itself fruitful and

* M. Lenormant well observes, with respect to the Egyptian writing—"Elle constitue sans contredit le plus perfectionné des systèmes d'écriture primitifs qui commencerent par le pur idéographisme, mais combien ce système est encore grossier, confus, et imparfait! Que d'obscurités et d'incertitudes dans la lecture! Que de chances de confusions et d'erreurs, dont une étude très-prolongée et une grande pratique peuvent seules préserver! Quelle extrême complication." (*Manuel d'Histoire Ancienne*, vol. iii., p. 109.) And he concludes that a system of writing so complicated, the mastery of which required so long an apprenticeship, could not be very widely spread among the mass of the people, but must have been the almost exclusive possession of professional scribes, who formed a class apart from the rest of the nation.

† *Determinatives* are signs prefixed to a word, or added after it, in order to show what kind of word it is; whether, for instance, it is the name of a god, of a man, of a place, of a month, of a metal, etc. For their use in Egyptian, see Lepsius's "Alphabet Hieroglyphique," Planche, A., Nos. 5 and 6. For their use in Babylonian and Assyrian, see Oppert's "Expédition Scientifique en Mésopotamie," vol. ii. pp. 88-92; That is, sometimes phonetically, sometimes ideographically.

‡ If there is an exception, it is in the case of the vowels, which, being syllables, had signs assigned to them.

|| Lenormant, "Manuel d'Histoire Ancienne," vol. iii. p. 110.

overspreading the earth. It is one of the chief marks of genius to see to the roots of things, to discern the one in the many, and to grasp the simple principle, which is alone of universal applicability. This mark of genius the Phœnicians showed. The form of writing, which, according to a universal tradition,* was invented by them, possessed the quality of simplicity in perfection, and was no sooner discovered than it began to spread. Adopted readily by the neighbouring nations, it was soon carried far and wide over the Asiatic continent, and under slightly modified forms is found to have been in use from the shores of the Indian Ocean to those of the Euxine, and from the Ægean to the remotest parts of Hindostan. Nor was it content with these conquests. It crossed the sea which separates Asia from Europe, was carried to Crete, to Thera, to Greece, to Sicily, to Italy, and to Spain. It also made a lodgment on the African sea-board, and ere many centuries were gone by prevailed from the borders of Egypt to the Atlantic Ocean. Accepted by the two greatest peoples of antiquity—the Greeks and Romans—it passed from them to the nations of Northern Europe, and has thus become the system of almost the whole civilised world.

Such then was the character of Phœnician civilisation. With regard to its date, we are not aware that in modern times any very remote antiquity has been claimed for it. The writers who exalt beyond all reasonable measure the antiquity of Egypt are content with a very moderate estimate for that of the Phœnicians. No traces of the Phœnician cities are found in the early Egyptian monuments, which give in great detail the geography of Syria,† and it is thought likely that the people itself did not settle on the coast of the Mediterranean, or even reach Syria, until about B.C. 2400 or 2300.‡ A native tradition, reported by Herodotus,§ assigned the building of the great Temple of Hercules (Melkarth) at Tyre, which was probably coeval with the city,|| to about B.C. 2750, or from three to four centuries earlier. But it is urged that this estimate was one based on generations,¶ and that therefore it is not to be depended on. It should also be noted that authorities of considerable weight contradict the statement made to Herodotus. Josephus, for instance, says that Tyre was founded two hundred and forty years only before the building of Solomon's Temple,** which would make the date of the settlement (according to the commonly received chronology) B.C. 1252. Again, Justin, or rather Trogus Pompeius, whom he copied, lays it down that the year of the foundation was that which immediately preceded the year of the capture of Troy,†† which he probably placed about B.C. 1200.‡‡ Tyre, however, was certainly built before the entrance of the Israelites into Canaan under Joshua, since it is spoken of as a well-known place in the important work which bears Joshua's name §§—

the "Domesday Book," as it has been called, of the Hebrew nation. That entrance can scarcely be dated later than B.C. 1400,* so that Tyre must certainly have existed in the fifteenth century before our era. As Sidon was, according to all accounts, considerably more ancient than Tyre, we must allow at least another century for the period of Sidonian preponderance—an estimate which will make the old Phœnician capital date from at least B.C. 1550-1500.

We do not think there are any sufficient grounds for throwing back the *origines* of the Phœnicians, or, at any rate, of Phœnician civilisation, to a time anterior to this. All the necessities of the case are met by such a date as B.C. 1550. The Phœnician civilisation represented by Homer *must* have existed prior to B.C. 1000, and is imagined by the poet to have been as he represents it, two or three centuries earlier. The Jewish records do not exhibit the civilisation in detail until the eleventh century B.C.; nor does the use of the phrase "Great Zidon" in Joshua,† if we regard civilisation as implied in it, carry back the flourishing condition of the nation much beyond B.C. 1400. The monuments of Egypt furnish, we believe, no evidence of Phœnician art or commerce anterior to the eighteenth dynasty—B.C. 1500-1300. We are inclined to believe that the original emigration of the Phœnicians from the shores of the Persian Gulf to those of the Mediterranean‡ may have taken place as far back as B.C. 1800, or even earlier; but we see no indication of their having become a commercial, or a manufacturing, or a literary people until, at least, three centuries later. To sum up, we agree with the conclusion to which Mr. Kenrick came in 1855:—"The commencement of the period of Phœnician commercial activity cannot be historically fixed; it *may* ascend to the *sixteenth or seventeenth* century B.C.; it may be several centuries earlier."§ But we incline, on the whole, to prefer the latest date which he mentions, and are disposed to regard the sixteenth century B.C. as that which saw the first appearance of the Phœnicians as a civilised and civilising nation.

A TALE OF A LOTTERY TICKET. II

I.

NOT very long ago I paid a visit to Burladingen, to see my old friend Meyer, with whom when a boy I had sat on the same bench at school, and whom I had not seen for many years. Some years since I had heard rumours of his becoming suddenly rich by winning a prize in the Frankfort lottery, but as he had never alluded to any such matter in his correspondence, I did not place much faith in the rumour. On my expressing a wish to know what foundation there had been for the report, he gave me the following singular narrative:—

It is now more than thirty years since I took up

* Plin. "H. N." v. 12; Mel. i. 12; Diod. Sic. v. 24; Tacit. "Ann." xi. 14; Lucan. "Pharsalia," iii. 220, 221; Clem. Alex. "Strom." i. 16; etc.

† See Lenormant, "Manuel," vol. iii. p. 9.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 11.

§ Herod. ii. 44.

|| So said the Tyrians themselves—"Ἐφασαν ἅμα Τύρῳ οἰκισμένην καὶ τὸ Ἰδὼν τοῦ Θεοῦ ἱερῶσθαι." ("Herod." l. s. c.)

¶ Lenormant, "Manuel," vol. iii. p. 9.

** "Ant. Jud." viii. 3.

†† Justin. xviii. 3: "Post multos annos . . . Sidonii . . . navibus appulsi Tyron urbem ante annum Trojanæ cladis condiderunt."

‡‡ The date of Eratosthenes was B.C. 1184; that of Castor and the Parian marble, B.C. 1209; that of Herodotus and Thucydides, B.C. 1250.

§§ Josh. xix. 29: "And then the coast turneth to Ramah, and to the strong city, Tyre."

* Bansen and Lepsius maintain the lower date of B.C. 1250; but it is impossible to reconcile their views with the statements of Scripture.

† Josh. xi. 8.

‡ See Herod. i. 1, vii. 89; Justin. xviii. 3, sec. 2; Strab. xvi. p. 1090; and compare the author's "Herodotus," vol. vi. pp. 193, 197.

§ "Phœnicia," p. 340.

|| Our story, suggested by the article on "Lotteries" in the January part, is from Auerbach, of whom a recent eminent critic says that "on social topics he portrays the German national character with true artistic skill, and is a faithful exponent of his time and people, and representative of popular currents of thought." Happily in this country the modes of life and currents of thought, so far as the people are concerned, are now widely different.

my abode in this little place. I have stuck to my post hitherto, and here I hope to remain so long as heaven grants me health and strength to fulfil the duties of my pastorate. Yonder, by the churchyard wall, where the alder-trees bloom and the redbreast makes its nest, is the spot I have chosen for my last resting-place. But you want to hear the story of the lottery ticket—the single cross of my quiet life. Well, I will tell it you.

The event took place about the tenth year of my pastorate. At that time my unmarried sister kept house for me. I had a young assistant, more for companionship than for any need I had of him. He came to me from the university; his name was Lean, and very lean he was, long, lank, and thin, but a thoroughly good-hearted fellow, and, moreover, a capital player on the violin. He came of a good family, and, what is very uncommon, he brought with him a good store of cash, which he spent freely, and seemed intent on getting rid of—not at all in self-indulgence, but in relieving others and making sad folks glad. Of course, his money went too fast, and, as will happen to such generous souls, he rather outran the constable, and, his credit being good, got a little in debt.

Another companion, who was constantly in and out of the Parsonage, was my cousin Niesler, the deputy postmaster. You must remember him—an undersized, broad-shouldered fellow, who often went out with us on our rambles. He used to wear a red cap, and had the habit of fencing, quarte and tierce, with his walking-stick in the air. He was a sworn enemy to study and brain-bothering, as he called it, and though he might have done much better had he chosen, had accepted the humble post he held, rather than submit to the examination to which, as a candidate for anything better, he would have been subjected.

A third companion was Littler, one of the most steady and sedulous students of the day, and whom you must recollect, for when you came to see me on my sick-bed you found him keeping watch at my side. He always volunteered to watch by the sick, out of pure tender-heartedness, I am sure, though he would give as a reason the fine opportunity it gave him for study when all the house was quiet.

One Saturday morning we four were sitting together over a late breakfast. It was one of those gloomy autumn days that seem made to sadden and depress the spirits. We could not go out, for it rained incessantly, and the mud was half a foot deep—had we attempted it we should only have been driven back drenched and dirty. At such times companionship is doubly desirable. My curate and I did not smoke, but Littler, who did everything by rule, smoked regularly one cigar after breakfast. As for my cousin, he would have smoked all day long if he could, and whenever he was not at his office he puffed away continually, lighting one cigar at the ashes of another. I took down my guitar when breakfast was done—you see it is still hanging in its old place, though the strings are gone and the green ribbon has turned yellow with age—but then I twanged it bravely and sang to its tinkling, while the curate fiddled an accompaniment.

In the middle of our music came the beadle, who in our village is also the postman, and brought us the newspaper, our famous "Swabian Mercury." You city folks who get newspapers in such abundance, and waste them, or give them to the cook to

light the fire with, you don't know what a treasure a newspaper is to a country parson on a rainy day, when all is boggy out of doors. There we learn how the world wags; what the court is doing; what the army; what the police and the rogues. There we have the new literature announced; the state of the arts; the political, the critical, the musical, the poetical, all at one glance—a sort of microcosm or little world in panoramic view.

I seized the newspaper. Littler, whose turn it was to preach to-morrow, went off to his lodgings to prepare his sermon. We three who remained divided the newspaper between us, the old "Mercury" allowing us a couple of leaves each. The first paragraph that met my eye was an announcement that the Frankfort lottery was to be drawn that day. Now four of us had clubbed together to buy a half-ticket. I know that gaming in lotteries is not to be defended, but my superiors had done the same thing, and I did not at that time see the evil of gambling in such matters, as I do now. The partners in the ticket were—the curate, my sister the house-keeper, myself, and Master Schick. This Schick was a rather remarkable fellow. He was a cabinet-maker by trade, but having little of that work in the village, he also kept a general shop for the sale of household necessities, which shop was mostly cared for by his sisters, a pair of old maids, who managed his domestic affairs. In his youth he had travelled a good deal, as is the custom of German apprentices before settling in any place, having wandered as far as Constantinople in one direction and Copenhagen in another. He was tolerably well to do, most hospitably inclined, simple and credulous as a child, and in his talk had Constantinople and Copenhagen continually at his tongue's end. Best of all, he was good at the violoncello, and we found his bass indispensable at our evening concerts.

"To-day is the drawing of the Frankfort lottery," said I to the curate.

"Oh, bad luck," he returned, laughingly; "there goes the herd of swine just past the window, a sure sign we shall lose. But stop, we can have some sport out of it, lose or win. When Master Schick comes to-night with his bass, we will have a letter brought in—first-of-April fashion—with news that we have won a prize. Schick will be ready to leap out of his skin, and we shall see him skip from Constantinople to Copenhagen and back again in no time."

My cousin the deputy readily joined in. The curate gave him the last letter from the collector, and he imitated the handwriting dexterously, writing as follows: "Honoured sir,—We have great pleasure in apprising you that your ticket, No. 17,377, has gained the prize in this day's drawing of a hundred thousand dollars. We await your directions as to the disposal of the money—whether you wish it invested in securities or forwarded to you in cash. A prompt reply will oblige,—yours, etc."

The writing was skilfully done, the address on the cover especially so. Then he drew a *fac simile* of the postage-stamp with black-lead, sealed it, and went over to the post-office, where, under pretence of searching for a letter for me, he mixed it unobserved with others, and came away.

We were seated at our music in the evening at Schick's house (for it was his turn to play the host), and Master Schick was flourishing his bow with his usual vigour, when the beadle came in with a letter

in his hand. "Here is a letter for you, Mr. Lean," he said; "I have been to the parsonage, and they said you were here."

The curate took the letter with an air of indifference. "Ah, pshaw!" said he; "another apologetic scrawl from the collector. I know what's in it well enough. 'Sorry to inform you—fortune not favourable this time—hope better luck next year—new lottery—grand prizes,' etc., etc. Pooh, who wants to read that stuff?"

He thrust the letter in his pocket without opening it, and led off a fresh movement.

When the sonata came to a close, "Mr. Curate," said Schick, "we might as well see what is in the letter, I think. I don't suppose there's a prize for us, but we may as well know."

"Pooh!" replied Lean; "there is nothing, you may depend; and it is against my rule to open letters at night—one sleeps the better by letting them wait."

But Master Schick was urgent, and the deputy seconding him, the curate drew forth the letter and broke the seal. Then, as he read, his hand was seen to shake and tremble.

The deputy took the letter. Schick, steadying himself with both arms on the table, stared with all his eyes, as my cousin read aloud. He read slowly, pretending a difficulty with the writing, and held the paper so near the light that it all but caught fire. But Master Schick had seen the contents, and springing up, he hurled his fiddle-bow against the wall, kicked the bass-viol indignantly, and leaped about the room shouting, "Constantinople! Copenhagen! No more shavings! no more sawdust! no more beggarly pennyworths over the counter! Sister Lizzy! Sister Madge! come down; come here!"

The two old maids came in, and as he hugged first one and then the other round the neck, he kept crying out, "No more shavings and sawdust! No more beggarly shop! Hooray, Margaret—Constantinople! Hooray, Lizzy—Copenhagen! Fifty thousand Constantinoples! Half the ticket means fifty thousand: that in four parts is twelve thousand five hundred—Copenhagen! I reckon five hundred for wheel-greasing, and there remains for each of us twelve thousand—Constantinople! a thousand dozen Copenhagens! Be quiet now, will you. Look you, I'll have no squandering. I've not been round the world for nothing. Here, Lizzy! here, Madge! here is my hand upon it, and these gentlemen are witnesses. I have always vowed that when I won a prize I would lie in bed three days, just to save myself from playing the fool and making ducks and drakes of the money. You shall see that I know how to bridle myself. We will invest the cash in Government stock—nothing safer than that; the State can't be a bankrupt. Mr. Rector, Mr. Curate, we'll have the money here in cash—hard cash—rouleaux of yellow gold! Hooray! Constantinople! Copenhagen!"

The elder sister, Lizzy, as soon as she could put in a word, cried out, "I know it, I knew it—Madge can bear witness. The first thing I saw when I looked out of window this morning was the shepherd leading his flock to pasture; and I said we should have luck to-day; didn't I, Madge?"

"None of that," said Schick; "none of your stupid superstitions; get rid of that nonsense. Copenhagen! Constantinople!—that's all stuff."

"She is right," said Madge; "but really it was the swineherd, and not the shepherd."

"Come now," said the deputy, "let's have no superstitions—sheep or pigs, it don't matter." He was the only one of us who had courage to speak a word. As for the curate and me, we took the opportunity to steal away, and went over to Littler's lodgings at the inn.

There we soon heard that Schick had been to the parsonage, and had sent my nephew, the son of a married sister of mine, who was on a brief visit to us, to the Dolphin for a huge jug of wine, and that he was awaiting our return to make merry over our good fortune. By this time our joke was assuming an aspect I did not at all like; and, at my request, Littler, who did not approve of what we had done, undertook, as a disinterested person, to undeceive Master Schick; and I promised to help in the matter.

As we were leaving the inn, the landlord congratulated the curate on his luck, observing that it must be specially welcome to him just now.

"Why to me specially?"

"Why? because credit is a good horse, but sometimes he casts a shoe. I am not speaking on my own account, you see, and I hope you won't take it ill."

But the curate took it very ill, and all the way home he was muttering to himself. It was plain to him that all the world knew the melancholy fact that his funds were run low.

We came to the parsonage. My sister met me at the entrance, and complained that Master Schick was certainly not quite right in his head, and would not stir from the place. My nephew, who had got an inkling from a few words he had overheard of what was going, had said to him, "Your bird is still in the bush, not in the hand, and you may not succeed in putting salt on his tail after all."

"You are a pretty fellow," said Schick, "to think of being a parson, and yet have no more faith than that."

As we came into the room, "Mr. Rector," said Schick, and his face glowed with eagerness, "I have a request to make; let me see our lucky-bird, our lottery-ticket."

I opened my writing-desk and gave it him, together with the enclosure that came with it, in which it lay.

"The number is right," he said, holding the papers in his hand caressingly; "I was afraid a figure might be wrong, and that would have ruined us."

I took the letter from him, and said, "Look here! this letter must have travelled amazingly quick; it must have been sent express to have got here so soon. And see," I added, turning to Littler, "the writing is not like that of the former letter; do you compare them." And putting the two letters into Littler's hands, I left him to finish with Schick.

The deputy, seeing himself betrayed, left the room, and then Littler explained to poor Schick how, for the sake of mere sport, he had been deceived by his companions—pointing him to the forged postage-stamp, a glance at which was sufficient.

As I caught the expression of poor Schick's visage my heart smote me bitterly for the part I had played.

I felt sorry for him then, and now, even at this long distance of time, I feel distressed at the remembrance of the whole thing. He said not a word, nor did he look either of us in the face, but went away, taking with him both the letters and the ticket.

We promised ourselves to compensate Master Schick in some way for the trick played upon him; but that is easier said than done.

Varieties.

COLONIES OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.—Excluding colonies which are mere advanced fortresses, and our dependencies, like India, West Africa, and the West Indies, which the white race can never properly colonise, Mr. Forster, in his famous speech during the recess, showed that our colonies occupy upwards of 6,000,000 square miles (including, that is, the vast area of the north-west territory in British America). Of the unoccupied areas of the new continents in the temperate regions, eighty per cent. belong to Great Britain and the United States together, and forty-four per cent. to Great Britain alone. Our coast-line in the temperate regions is 21,000 miles, their whole coast-line being 70,000, so that we have two-sevenths of the whole, while, including the United States, English-speaking men hold three-sevenths of it. Mr. Forster calculated that the population of these colonies in the temperate regions, now about 6,600,000, would be by the end of the century 15,000,000. By the middle of the next century the British population of our colonies would probably be 82,000,000, against only 63,000,000 in these islands. Here, then, is a vast power at our disposal, and for which we are responsible.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.—It makes one sick to hear men sing the praises of the fine education of our prisons. How much better and holier were it to tell us of an education that would save the necessity of a prison school! I like well to see the lifeboat with her brave and devoted crew; but with far more pleasure, from the window of my old country manse, I used to look out at the Bell Rock Tower, standing erect amid the stormy waters, where, in the mists of the day, the bell was rung, and in the darkness of the night the light was kindled, and thereby the mariners were not saved from the wreck, but saved from being wrecked at all. Instead of first punishing crime, and then, through means of a prison education, trying to prevent its repetition, we appeal to men's common sense, common interest, humanity, and Christianity, if it were not better to support a plan which would reverse this process and seek to prevent, that there may be no occasion to punish.—*Rev. Dr. Guthrie.*

FACTORY CHILDREN.—In an inquiry as to the state of factories in Scottish towns, Dr. Irvine gave it as his opinion that the town population would soon die out if they were not constantly recruited from the country. Dr. Irvine was in favour of the inspecting surgeons having power to report on the sanitary condition of factories. They would be better from such supervision, he said, to prevent overcrowding of rooms, long detention in over-heated rooms, and the use of deleterious and poisonous substances in manufacture. "Strange things," he added, "are done in factories and public works. For instance, in the making of iron masts, hollow tubes, etc., small children are selected to go into the tubes to hold the ends of the rivets; and in consequence of the great noise the drums of the children's ears get split, and they become quite deaf. The children are tempted by high wages to go into this employment; but it is as bad as that of the old chimney-sweeps. The children are made permanently deaf. It is pretty much the same in the case of boiler-making, which also impairs the hearing."

PORTSMOUTH SOLDIERS' INSTITUTE.—This institution owes its formation almost wholly to the untiring efforts of Miss Robinson, "the soldiers' friend." Originally the Government promised her a site for the erection of the institution; but on it being represented to Lord Cardwell that the promoters were desirous of using it for religious and "sectarian" purposes, the grant of the land was ungenerously revoked. Miss Robinson, however, persevered in her efforts. The old Fountain Hotel, in the High Street, which figures so conspicuously in the nautical stories of Marryat, was purchased, to which, as funds came in, other buildings were attached. The institute contains tea-rooms, dining-rooms, billiard-rooms, smoking-rooms, etc., and a large lecture-room, capable of seating eight hundred and fifty persons, was opened on the occasion of its anniversary. In garrison towns, after the soldier has left the barracks and its necessary but monotonous duties in the background, there is little choice for him in the way of recreation. The object of the promoters has been to provide him with the means of healthy and rational amusement when he is off duty, and their efforts have been so far successful that the troops are now provided with all the conveniences of a club at a merely nominal

expense. No intoxicating drinks are sold; but while Miss Robinson is closely identified with the temperance movement, no one is asked to sign the pledge. A pledge-book, however, is kept in the bar for those wishing to do so; and since the opening of the institute a year ago one hundred and ninety-five names have been enrolled. Two thousand seven hundred and forty persons have been lodged during the same period, and the daily average of men using the institute is one hundred and fifty; and although, in consequence of a room being set apart for Bible-classes, the patronage of the military authorities is still withheld, the accommodation furnished is inadequate to the demand. The institute is also particularly valuable to the families of soldiers arriving and embarking, as their condition during the trooping season, which is confined to the winter months, is often pitiable, from their inability to find decent shelter, and also from their oftentimes destitute condition. It appeared from the balance-sheet that there was a surplus in hand of £1,119 17s. 4d.

EXPECTING TOO MUCH.—A well-known German florist related, in a high state of irritation, his troubles in this way. He said—"I have so much drouble mit de ladies ven dey come to buy mine Rose; dey vants him hardy, dey vants him doubles, dey vants him moontly, dey vants him fragrant, dey vants him nice gooler, dey vants him ebry dings in one Rose. I hopes I am not vat you calls von uncalled man, but I have somedimes to say to dat ladies, 'Madame, I never often sees dat ladies dat vas rich, dat vas good temper, dat vas youngs, dat vas clever, dat vas perfection in one ladies. I see her much not!'"—*The Garden.*

SMUGGLING.—In the year 1874 there were 1,157 seizures made of smuggled goods in the United Kingdom, 53 less than in the preceding year; and 1,094 persons were convicted of smuggling, being 80 less than in the preceding year. The quantity of tobacco and cigars seized in 1874 was 10,738 lbs., and of spirits 266 gallons, both being materially less than in the preceding year. The Commissioners of Customs state that from the reports made to them, and from their own inquiries and observations, they have no reason to doubt that smuggling is gradually diminishing. Instances still occur of smuggling such as was common in the early part of the century, by running cargoes of spirits in small kegs or tubs which have been previously sunk at a convenient distance from the shore. In one case, near Freshwater, some of a gang of men were seized in the night, carrying nine kegs of smuggled brandy, which had been brought over in a small vessel from France, and twelve more kegs were found in ditches in the neighbourhood; three men were convicted in £100 penalty, or six months' imprisonment. One of these, a small farmer, paid the penalty, and was released. The kegs had been brought ashore by fishermen.

SURVEY SHIPS FOR PRACTICAL USE.—A correspondent of "Land and Water" thinks that the investigation of all matters that might improve our fisheries ought to be undertaken by the nation, which spends much money in remote scientific researches. "There is the Challenger, that has now been acquiring valuable information for the whole world, but I would suggest that, although this ought to be done, the other ought not to be left undone. We know that there are numerous fishing-banks off our islands, and that at one time they were most valuable; but at the present time information is vague, some saying they are as valuable as ever, while others say they are not worth a bawbee. We ought, however, to give them the benefit of the doubt, and have the fisheries properly examined. This ought to be done on a similar system to the work at present nearly complete in the Challenger. Let a ship be put in commission for three or five years to carefully examine all the seas, at all seasons, round England, Ireland, and Scotland; let the scientific staff be composed of the best men that can be procured, augmented by volunteers—and plenty of the latter would be found among the professors of our colleges and the amateurs belonging to the different societies; or the vessel might only be commissioned for a year, the work to be continued if there was a likelihood of good results. Such a proposition cannot be called unreasonable, as it would add not only to our knowledge of the fish, but also to that of tides, currents, and such like, now very imperfectly known. Also, why should we gain information for the whole world while we neglect our own seas?"